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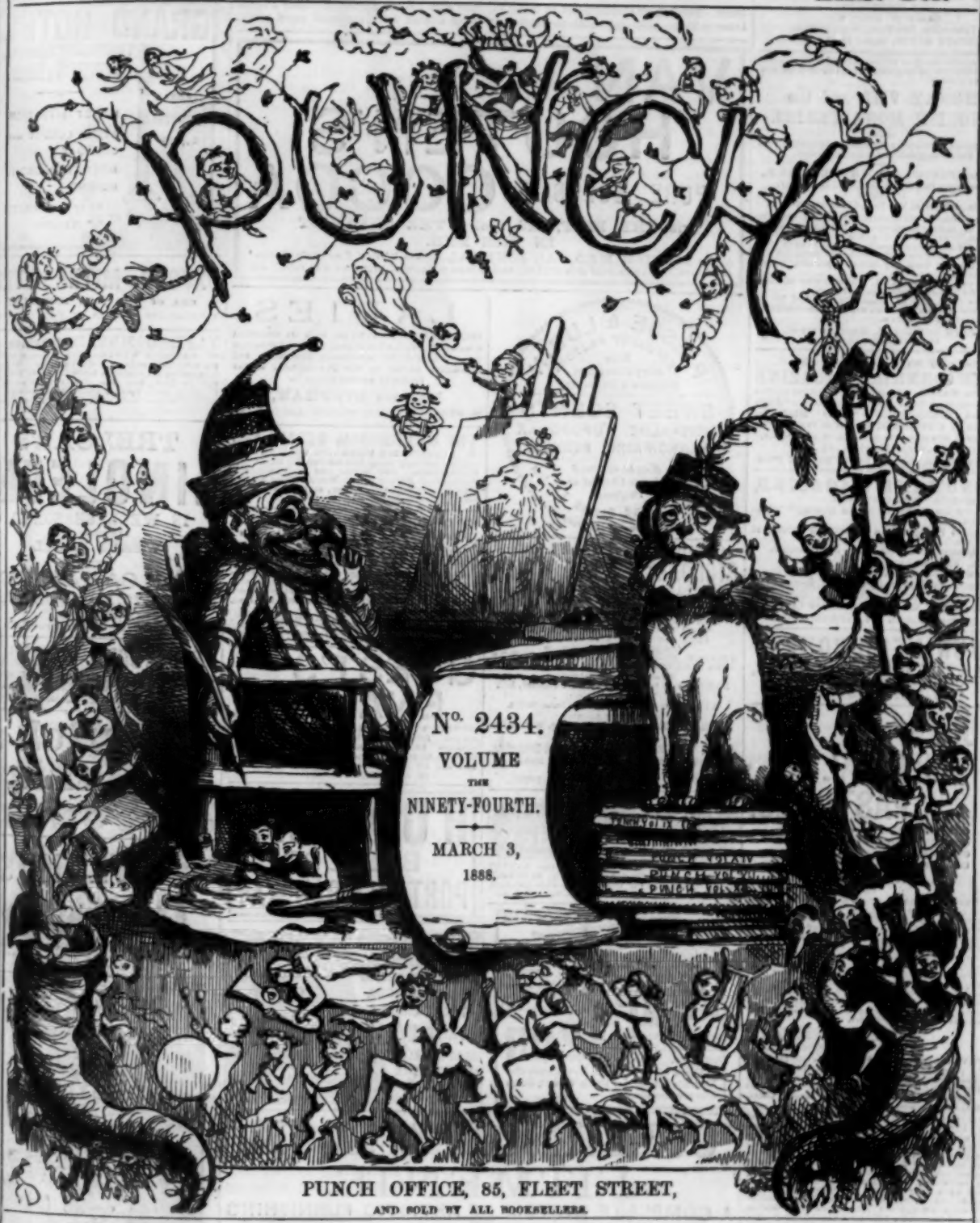

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THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE MUTUAL FLATTERY.

M. le Vicomte Hector du Graillon. "Do you know, Serr Jems, ven I 'eared you spic French for ze first time, I taxed you, by your Accent, for a *Frenchman!*"

Sir James. "Kwaw, *fraymong*, Vercont! Oh—ay mwaw, kong je voos ay vew poor la premiair fwaw, j'ay ponxay, par voter mannyair de voos habillyay, de mareshy, ay de monty à Sheval, ker voos etty oon *Onglay!*" [*They swear eternal friendship.*

MORE CANTERBURY TALES.

Sir,—Any impartial reader who has followed the controversy that has recently taken place in the columns of the *Times*, between Canon Routledge and Father Morris on the nature of the blows inflicted on the head of St. Thomas, must admit that in his latest rejoinder the worthy Canon has decidedly the advantage of his ingenious opponent. "Let him," asks the Canon, bringing matters to a practical test, "try the experiment on some one,—not with a sword," he considerately adds, "but with a stick." That this is what the Canon has been doing, and has probably had a Verger, or perhaps even the Dean himself, down "on the flat of his stomach," as the Saint was said to have been, and has been whacking vigorously at his head, there can be no sort of doubt. For he relates his experience under the circumstances, adding that anybody who makes a similar attack, "will find that a blow aimed vertically at the crown of the head would glance down either the right or the left side."

This appeal to practical experiment for verifying antiquarian theory has struck me as most happy, and, taking quite a morbid interest in the late controversy, I have already acted several times on the Canon's spirited suggestion, and have felled in turns my grandmother, the butler, two uncles, and a tax-collector with an umbrella, with varying results; yet though I have always aimed the blow "vertically," to the best of my ability, at the crowns of their respective heads, I cannot say that in all cases I have succeeded in hitting them. Hence my experience has been hitherto somewhat inconclusive, but I am hoping that a few more chance trials will afford me an opportunity of perfecting it.

Meantime, I shall be interested in noting whether Father Morris acts upon the Canon's hint. I have no doubt, could he persuade his superior, or even a lay brother or two, to let him "go for" their heads with a hockey stick, he might throw so much light upon the matter as to considerably modify the rather limited view to which he has as yet, as far as I have interpreted his letters, confined himself in relation to it. Trusting we shall hear still something further from him,—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, A Practical Antiquarian.

"The Great 'Twinge' Brethren."—Gout and Rheumatism.

PLAY-TIME.

I suggested last week a course (to which I admitted there were many objections) for ameliorating the generally unhappy conditions of theatrical *premières*. By presenting plays first to an audience of experts, many of the otherwise inevitable disadvantages of First Nights might be avoided. An excellent critical *confrère*, who is one of those whom Matt Arnold styles, "the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph*," roars with laughter at this notion of mine as being "curious and comical."

Perhaps so: yet what, in their original intention, were "private views," in artists' studios, of the pictures before they left the easel, but appeals to critical judgment, professional and amateur, so that any defects might be remedied, previous to their appearance on the walls of the Academy, Grosvenor, or elsewhere? Mind, I don't say that this was the only private view that occurred to the artists who initiated the idea. Have I not been present at genuine "private views" (not one of those idiotic fashionable Sunday gatherings which are the abuse of the original purpose) when a thoughtful suggestion has been made, and has been subsequently adopted by the artist to the manifest improvement of the picture? Certainly I have.

Has not my excellent friend, as a professional critic, any experience of being asked to read a play, and advise upon it? Well, this is one step towards the production of a piece *in camerâ*. And the next step? has it not been frequently adopted? Are there not Operas to which musical and dramatic critics are admitted before the work is made public? What are they there for? If merely to write a notice, or for other journalistic purposes, no criticism is in question; but if it is to assist themselves in writing a more thoughtful criticism than usual, then I contend that this preliminary hearing is an aid towards an honest discharge of the critic's duty. But if the critics, among whom I include a variety of experts, are there for the purpose of presenting their notes on what they consider errors and defects to those responsible for the production, then in many cases the public, and all concerned in bringing out the work, would be the gainers.

Tom Taylor's *Hidden Hand* was heard *in camerâ*, and so have been, I dare say, many other pieces; but this case I happen to remember, having witnessed it, and having heard many suggestions made to the author, though, if I remember rightly, as next night's performance was the public one, this interval did not give sufficient time for rectification. All sorts of possible faults in scenery and costume might be set right if the piece were given one week before production in the presence of an audience composed not only of dramatic critics, but of other artistic experts. There is nothing very "curious or comical" in such a proceeding; but there is something both "curious and comical" in the supposition of public opinion being in any way influenced by a criticism written in "hot haste" for the mere sake of being among the first in the field with "an item of news." Jack-in-the-Box.

Our Booking-Office.—In *Longman's Magazine* for March, Mr. Rider Haggard gives us *A Suggested Prologue to a Dramatised Version of "She."* His stage-directions are delightfully fresh. In the set of the scene is to be a "*Statue of Truth looming up in background.*" There are only two characters in it, *Ayesha* and *Amenastas*, of whom the former has five speeches of nine, seven, eight, nine, and nineteen lines respectively; and the latter has three speeches of thirteen, twelve, and nine lines. All this talkee-talkee is of the gloomiest description, and the action takes place by moonlight. At the finish of *Ayesha's* fifth and longest speech, the stage-direction is, "*Curtain falls for an interval of two thousand years.*" Ominous this! Farewell, Mr. Rider Haggard, for two thousand years. Two thousand years! *O ma mère!* O my poor dear Mummy! Baron de Book Worms.

The Point of "The Lancet."—*Mr. Punch* says that in this case (referring to a gentle touch from it last week) he doesn't see the point, nor feel it. But, on second thoughts, the point of a Lancet in a case would not be visible, even through the magnifying glass of Mr.——"Oh, no, we mustn't mention him"—or to the acute perception of Doctor ——hush!—no—"his name is never heard," and if *Mr. Punch* breathed it, no matter how gentle the breath, it might be felt in some quarters as "a puff." Well, "approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed!"

"CORPORAL"!

Schoolmaster (at the conclusion of the interview). "I think, Sir, you will have no reason to repent placing your Sons under my care. I may mention that in our time we have turned out two Senior Wranglers, neither of whom have looked back with regret upon the Curriculum——"

Parent (self-made man and strong-minded). "The—a—eh!—oh, certainly—if you ketch 'em Wranglin', or any o' that nonsense, turn 'em out, Mister! Neck and Crop! and don't spare the—a—the Curric—or whatever yer call it."—(*With a warning look to the Young Gentlemen.*)—"Let 'em 'ave it!!"

IN VINO VERITAS!

The following curious document, which has fallen into *Mr. Punch's* hands, and has been "done into English" by one of his Young Men who "knows the language," is evidently an extract from the notes of the Clerk of a French *Juge d'Instruction*. It would seem that the Magistrate, with the subtle and insidious design of eliciting some damaging admissions from the accused person, had invited him to dinner during the interrogation. Then, when he conceived that the moment was ripe, he suddenly brought to bear upon his unhappy guest the full power of a trained legal intellect—a device which can only be excused by remembering that a French official is apt to take somewhat wide views of his duties in the course of a criminal investigation.

We may suppose that the Clerk was previously concealed and instructed to make a faithful record of the transactions, in which it is abundantly clear that the parties were by no means on an equal footing.

Whether the precedent is worthy of being followed or not, will be sufficiently gathered from the official account of its working which begins thus:—

[*Here* M. le Juge *signifies in the agreed-upon manner that I was to make attention, and commence my transcript, after which he maintained an impressive silence during several moments, and then*——

M. le Juge (as if taken by an access of somnolence). Accushed! itsh far from deshign er . . . Jushtish . . . ta' any unfair 'vantage . . . young man your educash'n an' allurement—but boun' tell you behold in me no longer Hosht,—but (*hic*) Interrogator! Ash you exshpeck clemenshy, I adjure you, I implore you, I counshel you, to—to pash the bol'!

The Accused (who shows himself of an extreme phlegm). But, with all my heart, Monsieur!

M. le J. Prepare, then, inshanly er be shubj'cted to tremendoush powersh of formirable legal mashine, known ash—(*with an effort of memory*) Juridishical—no, that ishn't qui' ri'—bah, what imports! Jur-dish-*idical* 'Terrogationsh!

The A. (after a silence a little prolonged). I am awaiting your good pleasure, Monsieur le Juge.

M. le J. (who has removed himself in the interval to a position below the Bench). On shecond thoughts, I blieve I shall be able crosh-egshamin' more comforably on er floor!

The A. As Monsieur pleases. Will he have the condescension to put his question?

M. le J. (absently). Call me at ah-pah sheight!

[*Second pause. An Officer of the Court, I endeavoured with all respect to recall* M. le Juge's *attention to the actual position of affairs. For some time he occupied himself in contemplating with an eye full of severity the* Accused's *legs, which were visible beneath the table, and to which he addressed himself at length, with a moving adjuration, characterised by touching sensibility.*

M. le J. Young Men, deplorable ash is your preshent poshition, you have, all four of you, cash onsh had a Mussher . . . a Mussher who—well, I don' r'member wha' all y'r Musshers did . . . Itsh equal! . . . By that shacred name, I warn you not to 'tempt any kickelandeshtin' communicash'n by shigns or otherwishe while unner—(*hic*) unner that table!

The A. I protest, M. le Juge, that I am but one here—I am all incapable of combining myself alone!

M. le J. (with an inflexion of irony). Usheless, M'shieu. Shee not to'shcapepiershing eye—erer—Law . . Come unnerer table, Shir!

The A. (submitting himself with a shrug). Wherever Monsieur prefers it.

M. le J. (with sudden choler). Who are *you*, M'shieu? Depart—leave sher Court!

OUR GRANDOLPH, AS DIOGENES, SEARCHING FOR AN HONEST MAN IN SPRING GARDENS.

The A. (*in visible surprise*). Pardon, I present myself for examination as desired. Have I then permission to retire?

M. Le J. No, M'shieu the Accushed, you (*hic*) have not. (*With a penetrating dignity.*) Misherable young man . . you have fallen into the shnare sho cunningly prepared for you! . . You have taken too mush wine—you are inebriated—losht! . . Yesh, tremble, then, when I tell you you can no longer 'pend upon your nashural shelf-possesshion—your brainsh ish clouded with al—(*hic*)—alcoroll . . . you are at my mershy, Shir! (*Here* M. le Juge *puffed with laughter.*) 'Low me er refill your glash! I—I don' know *what* I wash goin' shay nexsht! . But yesh—itsh that! (*With a paternal benevolence.*) Young man, I might profit by your dishgrashful condishun . . . extort admishuns of a culpability exceshive—but I'm 'fraid . . . (*Here* M. le Juge *expanded into a smile of a charming sweetness.*) I'm 'fraid I'm lil too shleepy thish evening . . . Enshanted to've sheen you. To the pleashur of meetin' you 'gain s'mother 'cashion. Thish inquiry ish (*hic*) adjourned. Usher—pash bol'!

[*Here* M. le Juge *refuged himself in an immobility almost statuesque, and the* Accused *was removed, smiling with gratitude of the most profound.*

Confessions of a Publisher.—These confessions, not being full, are unsatisfactory. For once, John Strange Winter has nipped a good idea in the bud, which would not be strange for an ordinary Winter; but this Winter is a very uncommon one.

COSTUMES, AS THEY OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN, FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM LAST FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24.

"NOW IS THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT."—*SHAKSPEARE.*

IN RE "WYKEHAMIST" AND "WYKEHAMITE."

Littera ad Punch de excursu cujusdam parvi Etonensis.

LITTERA, quam legi hodie es jam gravis in meâ animâ est respondeo id.

"Quid est in nomen?" ut "SHAKSPEARIUS" (aut is qui "SHAKSPEARIUS" scripsit) dixit.

Quid refert ut "Wykehamite" est nomen validus (mighty) et "Wykehamist" est nomen nebulosus ("misty" vides-ne? Haha!) Wykehamite est similis "Midshipmite" (parvus puer!) "Cheese mite" (parvus pulex) "Mite" (parvulus puer ut hic Etonensis), sed "Wykehamist" est similis "scientist" (vir qui magnus in scientiâ est) "Socialist" (homo qui est Socialis Leo) et "Fist" (si non intelligis quod hoc est, roga "SULLIVANUM").

Si Etonensis ridet ad nomina nostra, volo dicere "Ille qui vivit in domo vitreo debet non jacere lapides." Nam puta! Cur sunt una sors Etonensum vocati "Tugmuttonious"? Et etiam est-ne ("ne aut num" illa est interrogatio) nomen "Oppidans" ridiculum?

Nunc claudo hanc epistolam et peto subscribere me ipsum,

Tuus Vere,

"WYKEHAMIST" AD MOBS, SED NUNQUAM "WYKEHAMITE."

The Art of Warre.

No apology was needed from the Head Master of Eton for lecturing before the Aldershot Military Society on "Tactics." Why, if ever there were a man for the work, it is evidently Dr. WARRE. The Reverend Doctor's name is suggestive of the Church Militant. He said he "felt timorous before such an audience." Of course "WARRE's alarms." Ah! how many a lower boy could give an account of what the "sinews of WARRE" are like! He will next lecture on "the Block System," and on the attitude of boys in the Head Master's presence. Success to Dr. WARRE, *Pax Doctori Bello!* He has made some of them "bellow!" and, when his next birthday arrives, here's swishing him many happy returns of the day.

À PROPOS OF OVERWORKING YOUNG HOFMANN.—"What's the odds as long as you're Abbey?"

"WHAT A (DRAWING-ROOM) DAY WE ARE HAVING!"

THE following letter, which has been received at 85, Fleet Street, is published for identification:—

MY DEAREST FLORA, *Saturday, February* 25.

I AM sure that you must be dying to hear how the function went off yesterday. Oh, my dear, we had such a dreadful time of it! It was so bitterly cold that we nearly didn't go at all, and Papa, who accompanied us, you know, in his Deputy-Lieutenant's uniform, looking such a—well, you know, not looking *quite* his best—was in such a temper, and used such awful language, that it was perfectly dreadful! The night before we didn't go to a "first night" at the theatre because we didn't like to take the horses out into the cold, and yet on Friday we kept the poor creatures waiting in the Mall for hours—literally hours! Of course it is awfully nice going to a Drawing-room and being presented, and all that; but in February, my dear, this kind of thing has its drawbacks.

Now, knowing you, I feel that you would like to hear everything from the beginning—now wouldn't you? Well, I think I told you that it was decided that I should go to Buckingham Palace this year because Mamma thought that the QUEEN might be annoyed if I stayed away any longer, especially as PLANTAGENETIA SMITHIES was presented in time for the Jubilee. Papa was rather against it, and said it was "nonsense" (he is dreadfully vexing sometimes!) but of course Mamma had her way, as she always does. Mamma and I had to choose our dresses. It didn't take me long, as a *débutante*, you know, dear, always wears white, but Mamma was *ages* over it! I really think we went to a dozen places to get the stuff for Mamma's train. Mamma got at last some velvet, embroidered with pomegranates and tinsel. Then we had such a fuss about whether it should be from the shoulder *à la Watteau* or not. It was settled that it had better spring from the waist, which was only putting it a few inches lower, after all. Then we had such a lot of visits from and to Madame PELLORD, trying on and altering, and all that sort of thing, that I was quite weary of the affair, and should have liked to have backed out of it. But Mamma wouldn't let me, as she said that the dear Princess would be so annoyed if I didn't come, and it would be in such bad taste, considering the sad news from San Remo. So I persevered, and I have been. It is all over! But I must say, thank Goodness!

Well, dear, it was *awfully* cold on Friday morning when I came down to breakfast. It had been snowing a little in the night, and the pavements were quite white. Papa was very cross, because he said it was "such (something very naughty) nonsense!" And that my mother was old enough to know better. I couldn't help saying that I thought it would be useful to me if I went afterwards to any foreign Court. Papa in an aggravating tone asked "Why?"

"Because," I explained, "our Ambassador would have to ask us to all the Embassy dinners and parties if we had been presented." "Oh, would he!" replied Papa, in a most aggravating way. Well, I did not stay long, but rushed upstairs to dress. Passing Mamma's room I found her standing on a sheet with the whole strength of the establishment putting her together. I was rather vexed at this, as I thought it a shame to take LUCY, my maid, from me to dress Mamma. However, I was quite ready by the time the carriage came round for us—a little after twelve. It was such a business getting in! Both Mamma and I were lost in a perfect sea of velvet and satin surmounted by two bouquets, and were just riding off when JOHN touched his hat, and asked if Papa wasn't going to accompany us? Fancy, darling! We had entirely forgotten him! However, the oversight was repaired, and we were soon packed up together in the carriage as close as that dreadful Medical Student, Cousin PETER, calls "Sardines in a box."

We got down to Buckingham Palace before one o'clock, and would you believe it?—even then the Mall was full of carriages! We took up our position on the ranks, and then, my dear, our martyrdom began! On the whole, I thought it rather fun, but Mamma was *dreadfully* angry. A number of rude boys would stand looking through the carriage-window making personal remarks. They would insist upon giving Mamma advice about her nose (which certainly was very red), suggesting that we had better rub it with snow as a way of getting it back to its original colour. Then they would laugh at Papa's spectacles. He got outside and walked about to

keep himself warm, but was driven back into the carriage by their criticism. Oh, it made him so angry! Well, we put down the blinds, but that didn't do much good, as they "talked at" us from the outside. For nearly two hours, my dear, we had to wait before a move was made, and then by fits and starts we found ourselves in the courtyard of the Palace, having run the gauntlet of crowds of rude, grinning, sneering nobodies! Speaking of nobodies, we saw the Tempersons (to whom we scarcely nod in our place in the country), and were so glad to find anyone we knew that we were quite cordial to them. And, oh, dear, the cold was dreadful! When we opened the window for a second we were nearly frozen!

Well, of course Papa caught his sword in our gowns, and then we took off our wraps in the cloak-room, and one of the servants gathered up my train for me, and showed me how to hold it over my arm. Then we hurried up the staircase, and, after giving up one set of our cards, passed into the first room. My dear, it was quite full, and we saw lots of people in a saloon beyond! Well, I won't weary you by telling you how we had to fight and push our way from apartment to apartment (sometimes getting a chair near the fire, when we were roasted, and sometimes a place on a settee under a window, when we were frozen), but will come to my presentation. I was thoroughly tired and wretchedly cold, when I saw all the ladies who were with us (I kept close to Mamma, but Papa had disappeared, as he was only "accompanying the ladies of his family," and wasn't going to pass before Her Majesty) getting into single file. Suddenly I found myself alone with two persons in Court costume spreading out my train behind me. I walked along, had my card taken from me, heard my name called out, curtseyed several times, walked sideways, backed, and found someone was going through exactly the same performance in my place! It was all over!

Well, no, not quite: for Mamma and I had to wait two hours while Papa found the carriage, as that stupid John, instead of coming up and looking for us, had remained on the box.

With best love, ever your affectionate Cousin, Millie.

P.S.—Papa is laid up with bronchitis, and Mamma is in bed to-day speechless from influenza. I am just sending off for the Doctor.

OXFORD MEMORANDA.

(*Picked up on the floor of the Union, on Wednesday evening last.*)

1. To make a good impression somehow.
2. To enter the room a little bit late, and so, screwing 'em up to the tiptoe of expectancy, secure an ovation.
3. Allude, with modest jocularity, to it being my first appearance as a speaker in that assembly.
4. By the way, to take care to refer to it as "This House."
5. Pat the youngsters who precede me encouragingly and good-humouredly on the back.
6. For form's sake, pull their Motion amiably to pieces, to show them what amateur debating comes to in "real Parliamentary hands."
7. Spring on them an entirely new and original definition of the "Irish Question," that will give them something to talk about.
8. Try and hit the mean level of debate as agreeable to Undergraduates' ears, by striking a balance between the style suitable to Codgers' Hall and one of my liveliest performances in the House of Commons.
9. Spice it with allusions to *The Quarterly*, Pitt, Loyal Ulster, &c., and finish up with a fetching peroration.
10. Make sure that the *Times* reporter is there, and that they mean to give me at least four columns the next morning.

"An Inveterate Playgoer" (his scribble is a bit indistinct, and it may be "An Inverterbrate Playgoer") writes to ask, why our young man praised *Mrs. Jarramie's Genie* at the Savoy, because this induced him to go to see it, and, being disappointed, he says there's no "*Genie*" in it at all, and as an attraction it is "*Jarramie Diddler*." Did "Inverterbrate Playgoer" ask for his money back again? Does he wish our young man to refund? Ask him. We sincerely wish he may get it.

OUR ADVERTISERS. THEATRICAL. NEW DEPARTURE.

(*If Mr. Wyndham's lead is to be followed.*)

DRURY LANE.—Closed suddenly, till further Notice.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Augustus Harris having arranged by direct Telegraphic communication with the Emperor of China to give a series of Representations of the grand and highly successful Pantomime, *Puss in Boots*, at the Summer Palace, Pekin, respectfully begs to inform his Patrons, the Public, that, as he has reason to believe that the takings of the newly-projected enterprise will be simply enormous, he feels that they will instantly understand that no apology is needed from him for withdrawing it in the full tide of its present gigantic success.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.—No Performance this Evening, or till further Notice.

THE BUTLER.—Postponed Representation.

MR. J. L. TOOLE, having just received the august commands of His Majesty the Emperor of Fiji to give a performance of the highly successful farcical comedy of the *Butler* in those remote Islands, he feels that, in order to perfect himself in the language, which he is now endeavouring to do with his entire company, by devoting the whole of his leisure time to its study with the aid of an *Ollendorff*, he is bound to withdraw the representation of the piece till further notice. As, if Mr. Toole finds his Fiji experiment, as he has every reason to believe it will be, a success, he intends, if he can acquire a sufficient mastery over the local dialects, to give several representations in the Solomon and other groups of Cannibal Islands in the neighbouring Archipelago, he begs to state that all fees for places already booked will be returned, unless the latter be changed for some date at which Mr. Toole devoutly hopes to see himself back again, and which will be announced by cable as soon as circumstances will possibly admit of its being done.

THE BUTLER.—Mr. Toole would be glad to hear from any retired Missionary or experienced adapter who would be competent to furnish him with a free translation of the above popular farcical comedy into the language of the man-eating *Karawejees*.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Closed for the Season.

MR. WILSON BARRETT at Yokohama this evening in the *Golden Ladder*.

MR. WILSON BARRETT having received the commands of His Majesty the Mikado to repeat his powerful representation of the part of the *Reverend Frank Thornhill*, in the *Golden Ladder*, which he gives in English, supported by a Japanese Company in their native tongue, will not be able in consequence to appear in London till further notice.

MR. WILSON BARRETT.—Further arrangements. March 9, Imperial Opera House, Timbuctoo. March 15, The Grand Llama's Court Theatre, Thibet. April 1, Theatre Royal, Cape Horn. Subsequent dates will be published in a later advertisement.

THE CRITERION.—Special Notice.

DAVID GARRICK.—Mr. Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore will appear this evening, by command of the Queen Regent, in a Spanish version of the above at Madrid.

DAVID GARRICK.—Mr. Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore will appear on the 20th inst., by command of the King of Holland, in a Dutch version of the above at Amsterdam.

DAVID GARRICK.—Mr. Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore will appear on the 29th inst., by command of the King, in a Roumanian vesion of the above at Bucharest.

DAVID GARRICK.—Mr. Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore will appear on the 1st of April, by command of the Sultan, in a Turkish version of the above at Constantinople.

DAVID GARRICK.—Mr. Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore will appear on the 9th of April, by the command of the Shah, in a Persian version of the above at Teheran.

DAVID GARRICK.—As Mr. Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore, having now perfected themselves in all the European and most of the Oriental languages, will not be returning to town for some considerable time yet, owing to the fulfilment of their Continental and Asiatic engagements, the Management beg to announce that if the seats booked for the performance of Saturday next be not deferred to an indefinite day, the money paid for them will be returned on application to the Box Office.

THE MYSTERIES OF HEREDITY.

Dr. Lambertson. "Yes—fine Girl; but look at her *Mother*, Danny! If you want to know exactly what Young Girls will be like when they're Middle-aged, always look at their *Mothers*, my Boy,—and *beware!*"

His Son. "Oh *Lor*, Governor! I *say!*... Does the same rule apply to Young Fellows and their *Fathers?*"

"THE BEST OF FRIENDS."

(Some Fragments from Dickens, adapted to the Situation.)

Mrs. Gamp—Mr. W. H. Sm-th. *Mrs. Prig*—Mr. W. E. Gl-d-st-ne.

* * * * * *

The temper of both parties was improved for the time being. When Mrs. Gamp, having cleared away, produced the tea-pot from the top shelf, simultaneously with a couple of wine-glasses, they were quite amiable.

"Betsey," said Mrs. Gamp, filling her own glass, and passing the tea-pot, "I will now propoge a toast. My present pardner, The Opposition!"

"Which, altering the name to The Government! I drink," said Mrs. Prig, "with love and tenderness."

Mrs. Prig, whose remarkable voice was not wholly incapable (as was well known both to her friends and her foes) of the more strident inflections of anger and scorn, absolutely "cooed" out this sentiment, with a seductive softness that would have done no discredit to "the Dove and very blessed Spirit of Peace" itself.

"Now, Sairah," said Mrs. Prig, after a due interval, "joining business with pleasure, wot *is* this case in which yer wants my assistance?" Mrs. Gamp betraying in her face some intention of returning an evasive answer, Betsey added, "*Is* it that Irish case of yours?"

"No, Betsey Prig, it ain't," was Mrs. Gamp's reply.

"Well," said Mrs. Prig, with a short laugh, "I'm glad of that, at any rate."

"Why should you be glad of that, Betsey?" Mrs. Gamp retorted, warmly. "The case is unbeknown to you, except by hearsay; why should you be glad? That is a case, Betsey, in which I should not think of seekin' *your* assistance, seeing as our notion of treatment thereof is as opposite as yaller and green."

"Percisely so, Sairah," responded Mrs. Prig, with portentous emphasis.

The best among us have their feelings, and it must be conceded of Mrs. Prig, that if there was a blemish in her disposition it was an aggravating habit she had of subtly suggesting, whether by oracular word or significant expression, a great deal more than she actually said. This subtle trick of hers, whilst it made her many covert enemies amongst her ostensible friends, prevented her oftentimes from securing temporary friends amongst her normal enemies. It is certain that her countenance became about this time quite Sphinx-like in its significancy, and that she sat with her arms folded and one eye open, in a somewhat offensive, because obtrusively intelligent manner, as who should say, "Mild I may look, and mother's milk I may speak, but I am a very Old Monthly Hand, and you don't get over *me*."

"You think aperiently, Betsey Prig," said Mrs. Gamp, "that my treatment of that same Irish case is bound to be weak. Excuge me if I makes remark, that it may neither be so weak as people thinks, nor people may not think it so weak as they pretends; and what I knows, I knows; and what you don't, you don't; so do not ask me, Betsey."

"Who's a asking of you, Sairey?" Mrs. Prig inquired.

Mrs. Gamp returned no answer.

"Who's a asking of you, Sairey?" Mrs. Prig inquired again. Then Mrs. Prig, by reversing the question, imparted a deeper and more awful character of solemnity to the same. "Sairey, who's a asking of you?"

It seemed the nearest possible approach to a very decided difference of opinion between these two ladies; but Mrs. Prig's impatience to know more of the contents of that tea-pot being greater at the moment than her impatience of contradiction, she did not push the question too pertinaciously, and when Mrs. Gamp replied rather evasively, "Nobody, if you don't, Betsey," she sombrely but silently acquiesced in that peace-making process known as "dropping the subject." For a quarrel can be taken up at any time, but a limited and uncertain quantity of, let us say refreshment, in a tea-pot cannot.

As to the particular ingredients which constituted the mixture in that tea-pot, Mrs. Prig felt and displayed a devouring curiosity. So much so that she presently counterfeited that abstraction of mind

"THE BEST OF FRIENDS."

Mrs. Gamp (*the Right Hon. W. H. Sm-th*). "I WILL NOW PROPOGE A TOAST. MY PRESENT PARDNER, THE OPPOSITION!"

Mrs. Prig (*the Right Hon. W. E. Gl-dst-ne*). "WHICH ALTERING THE NAME TO THE GOVERNMENT, I DRINK WITH LOVE AND TENDERNESS."

(Mr. W. H. Smith "trusted that he would have the assistance of the Hon. and Right Hon. Gentlemen opposite." Mr. Gladstone "hoped that Her Majesty's Government would meet what he had said in a corresponding and reciprocal spirit."—*Parliamentary Report*, Feb. 25.)

which has its origin in excessive attention to one topic, and stretched out her hand in the direction of the tea-pot. It was more than Mrs. GAMP could bear. She stopped the hand of Mrs. PRIG with her own, and said, with great feeling—

"No, BETSEY! Play fair, wotever you do!"

Mrs. PRIG, thus baffled, threw herself back in her chair, and, closing the same eye more emphatically, and folding her arms tighter, suffered her head to roll slowly from side to side, while she surveyed her friend with a peculiar smile.

She said nothing. But (as husbands and Members of Parliament well know) there are ways of saying nothing which are more suggestive, and more provocative, than the most exuberant verbosity can possibly be.

In this attitude, and with this demeanour, did Mrs. PRIG await results. Whether those results were destined to be as amicable and mutually satisfactory as certain more or less friendly passages between the two ladies had seemed to promise,—well that, of course, remains to be seen. But it is proverbial that "The best of friends —must part."

* * * * * *

A FIRST NIGHT AT THE PLAY.

(*By Our Own Impressionist.*)

BEFORE the First Act of the new piece commenced, I found the theatre crowded in every part. Certainly there were gaps in the stalls (subsequently filled to the considerable inconvenience of the earlier theatre-goers) and also a box or at most two unoccupied, but these again received their allotted tenants before the opening scene was over. I may safely say that the house was full, and now I will, as requested, give my impression of the audience. For once let the play stand over as the Judges have it, "for further consideration," and let me confine my attention to those who had come to pass judgment, and who remained to be inspected.

To begin with the Gallery. Perhaps it contained the most genuine portion of the public in the whole building. By genuine public I mean persons who go to the play to enjoy themselves, and have no objection to paying for the privilege. The Gallery cheered and laughed and did just what they pleased. When they detected what they may have thought was favouritism—when there was an unnecessary cheer for the Manageress for instance—they hissed. But on the whole they were pleased and not ungenerous. In a like manner the Upper Boxes were equally fair and appreciative. But when I come to the Stalls, Private Boxes, and Pit, I have a very different story to tell. They shall have a new paragraph.

The "better parts" of the house were full of what are technically known as "dead heads." They were very nice and intelligent and proper "dead heads," but still "dead heads," and it is the rule of "dead heads" never to applaud anything; so the dramatic critic of this organ of public opinion, and the dramatic critic of that, preserved a discreet silence, only broken when they whispered a professional jest to a neighbouring colleague. Of course, they had a perfect right to be there, as it was their business to notice the piece before them. But I question whether this and that lady of mature charms had an equal right, and whether it would not have been better for the piece had they been conspicuous by their absence. However, the denizens of the Stalls and Private Boxes behaved themselves, and, if apathetic, were at any rate not uncourteous. But the Pit! I really must give a fresh paragraph to the Pit!

In years gone by, when Stalls were unknown, the Pit was *the* place for critics. Even now it retains some of its old *prestige*, thanks to the attendance of the average middle-class playgoer; but on a First Night it is intolerable. The Pit is leavened by a dozen unpleasant-looking persons, who generally contrive to secure places in the front row, and whose object it is to create a disturbance. No doubt these dozen unpleasant-looking persons during the day have been engaged in the congenial employment of measuring flannel or weighing cheese under the superintendence of a head shopman, but at night they are the masters of the situation. It is customary to permit them to interrupt the performances with foolish remarks and unprovoked hootings. If anything goes wrong in the excitement of a first night's performance, these illiterate individuals strive to make it go "wronger." If an actor stumbles over an unexpected chair, they jeer; if an actress finds a door fastened when it should be open, they howl; if a scene sticks for a moment in the hands of a carpenter, they hoot. During the day, no doubt, they have been subject to the wholesome discipline of the shop or the clerk's office, but at night they throw off all restraint, and require a policeman to keep them in order. They are, after all, only a small minority, and it seems a pity that the majority of pit-goers, who presumedly have paid their money to enjoy rationally an evening's entertainment, do not turn upon these critics of the counter, and insist upon their silence or expulsion.

And now, having had my say, I turn to the piece for a moment. It was called *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. I certainly saw the Hansom Cab, and in the First Act noticed that it drove off deliberately with a lamp-post. What it did with that lamp-post appeared to be the mystery. But then I frankly admit I gave more attention to the audience than to the performance.

"ANY ANSWER?"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Accidentally taking up a quarterly, not *The Quarterly*, which is rather too heavy to be taken up without an effort, I found the following passage among its "Notices of Books":—

"We read also of a people which, in spite of foreign occupation, and in spite of systematic Governmental efforts to stifle the national life, clung with dogged tenacity to its nationality; and at last after centuries of oppression, won for itself its legislative and executive independence. The wrongs from which —— suffered under the —— rule appear to have been the confiscation of land for —— settlers, an absentee aristocracy, an impoverished peasantry, a close official class ruling the country according to —— notions and in —— interests, &c., &c., &c."

Is this about Ireland and England? Anyone who should think so would be very much abroad, seeing that the above is only a comprehensive summary of Professor ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY's book, entitled *Hungary*. Only about Hungary, you see, and the blanks I have left in the quotation, where the words "Hungary," "Austrian," "German," "German," "German," occurred, may be filled up according to the taste and fancy of the reader. Some theorists assert that Hungary has not been benefited by its National Parliament, but, they have the Professor's opinion and experience of actual fact against them. Once the late Mr. KINGSLEY wrote a memorable book entitled *What then d 's Dr. Newman mean?* which had the one invaluable effect of drawing from the eminent person to whom the inquiry was addressed that marvellous specimen of plain English under the Latin title *Apologia pro vitâ suâ*, which effectually silenced the unfortunate interrogator! Now wouldn't it be a boon to a majority of puzzled Englishmen, if someone would publish a pamphlet entitled *What then does Mr. Gladstone mean?* if this would have the effect of eliciting such a lucid reply as was given in the instance above quoted. What an opportunity for an *Apologia pro vitâ suâ*, by "Mr. G." with a preface succinctly, and without any sort of ambiguity, explaining what he does mean and what he does not mean, and what he does not intend to mean by *Home Rule*. I should suggest this sort of friendly arrangement viz., that Mr. CHAPLIN should put the question—a game not unlike "putting the stone,"—which "Mr. G." should at once proceed to answer. "*Magna est veritas*," as Mr. LABOUCHERE says when the circulation of *Truth* goes up half-a-dozen or so.

Yours meditatively, EN REVENANT DE LA REVUE.

"To be Baron Knutsford"

"VOILÀ ce que l'on dit de moi—
Dans 'la Gazette,'—de Hollande."
La Grande Duchesse.

SUGGESTION FOR RE-ARRANGING A SCENE IN COURT.

FROM a report of the Walden-Borrowes assault case we extract this:—

"*Mr. Partridge.* You said I prejudged the case. You took me to task, implying that there was favouritism.

Mr. Besley. No, Sir. I beg your pardon.

Mr. Partridge. If you are ever on this Bench, &c., &c."

And then the worthy Partridge-beak went on pecking at Mr. BESLEY, giving him a lecture. Now, if the wounded PARTRIDGE had been quite alive to the situation, the dialogue should have run thus:

Mr. Partridge. You took me to task, implying that there was favouritism.

Mr. Besley (*quoting the refrain of a topical duet popular in Druriolanus's Pantomime of '87*). "No, Sir, I beg your pardon."

Mr. Partridge (*equal to the occasion*). I accept your apology. (*To officials of the Court.*) "For he 's a jolly good fellow, and so say all of us." (*Chorus by everyone heartily.*) And now, Gentlemen, let us resume the case.

And there would have been an end of the matter for ever. *O, si sic omnia!*

OUR FISHERY-COMMISSIONERY YOUNG MAN.

J-s-ph Ch-mb-rl-n (gaily). "SPORT? WHY CERTAINLY! ENJOYED MYSELF AMAZINGLY, YOU BET. IF I'M ASKED 'WHAT'S THE NET RESULT? IS IT BARREN?' I SHALL REPLY, 'SIR, THE RESULT IS BARREN-NET-SEE!' GUESS THAT'S NOT BAD FOR JOSEPH. O RESERVOIR! AS WE FISHERY-COMMISSIONERS SAY."

ON THE CARDS.

SIR,—That is certainly a curious fact recorded the other day in the papers, of the thirteen trumps all being contained in one hand at Whist, but is scarcely less strange than the experience of having dealt thirteen successive hands, not one of which contained a single trump. Yet this very thing happened to me quite lately. Travelling the other day from Portsmouth to London, three perfect gentlemen got into the train at Winchester, and, pulling down the window-blinds, proposed that I should join them at a rubber of Whist. I consented, and we had a most enjoyable game for guinea points. But by some curious chance neither I nor my partner held a single trump the whole time, and, as our opponents marked four by honours, and seven by cards every single deal, I found myself, on arriving at Waterloo, indebted to a Captain DEUCRACE to the amount of £147 3*s.*, for which, not having, of course, so much cash about me, I gave him, at his suggestion, an uncrossed cheque. This, however, by the way. I only mention it in connection with the curious run of ill luck to which I have referred, and which, as it is a complete puzzle to me, I must leave to your readers, if they can, to explain.

I am, Sir, yours, obediently, PETER SIMPLE.

SIR,—The chances of the thirteen trumps falling to one hand at Whist, are nothing like 1,308,902,716 to 1 as somebody says. Why 5 to 1 is nearer it, or for the matter of that, you may call it evens, and make it a certainty. You have only to prepare a pack and keep it under the table, and there you are. Take my case. I am in the habit of playing three-handed Whist every evening with a couple of short-sighted invalid uncles for half-a-crown a rubber. Whenever I have the deal I whip the pack off the table and produce the one I have prepared. The result is I score all the honours and all the tricks. My uncles were at first astonished at the phenomenon, but they are now quite accustomed to it, and taking it as a matter of course, frankly admit that I have "remarkable luck." I should rather think I had.

Yours, quite wide-awake, TOMMY SHARPE.

SIR,—Your Correspondents have furnished you with some interesting experiences in connection with Whist, to which, if you will permit me, I will add one of my own. Being invited the other evening to join a party at a well-known West-End Card Club, I found myself, after passing in through a back entrance, soon seated playing in turn Nap, Unlimited Loo, and Poker, and drinking Champagne in tumblers in a room secured against the sudden irruption of the Police by locked double doors. After three hours at this I fancy I must have settled down to Whist at ten guinea points, and only rose from the table on finding I held apparently a double set of everything in my hand. Protesting against this extraordinary phenomenon and knocking over a lamp, my partner, and several chairs and tables to emphasise my objection, a *mêlée* ensued, the details of which I cannot distinctly call to mind, but at the end of which I found myself in a back street near the Haymarket, with my pockets turned inside out, my watch gone, my dress coat slit up my back to the collar, and a portion of an umbrella-stand in my right hand. I managed to reach my home in Bayswater owing to the timely assistance of a friendly policeman, but I have not yet solved the mystery of the "double hand." It was certainly remarkably curious. Yours enigmatically, DOUBLE DUMMY.

SIR,—That thirteen-trump deal can be managed, and I've had recourse to it myself—on occasions, very successfully; but it's too flashy for good steady advantage play. For this I have always found marked backs with, of course, a little attention to the turn-up, the safest and most useful method of procedure in thoroughly respectable and unsuspecting circles. Of course, there's Hanky-Panky suitable for all games; but, speaking for myself, I never feel quite so at home as I do at *écarté*. Give me my New York coat with manipulating sleeves, and a couple of kings up each cuff, and there's no one—not even Major SMOOTH himself—who'll prove a match for Yours, very truly, VON TRUMP.

TWO STRIKING TESTIMONIALS.

UPWARDS of three hundred persons presented Mr. POLLITZER, the eminent violinist with a testimonial in the shape of a gold repeater. Was the gift a delicate reminder to him to be as correct in his time as in his tune? If so, it was scarcely complimentary. Or was it to intimate that Mr. POLLITZER should follow the example set by his new repeater, and always take an encore when pressed? "Brother" PARKINSON, Grand All-sorts-of-dignities of the North, South, East and West, also received a splendid repeater in recognition of his valuable services rendered to the Drury Lane Masonic Lodge. Every act the Band of Brothers perform is, or ought to be, symbolical, and so the presentation of a valuable gold repeater, should mean that a Brother in distress must never forget that he has an Uncle ever ready to assist him: that, if in trade, one Mason should be always willing to "tick" another Mason: that "good works" are absolutely necessary; that "Hands" must never strike,—that not being their department; and finally that by constantly wearing the repeater, the richest, the strongest, of us will be perpetually reminded that he ought always to keep a good watch on himself. Such are the words of wisdom from the mouth of The Universal G. M. *Punch*. *So mote it be!* Now from Labour to Refreshment!

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 20.—Cunningham Graham back to-night. Gallery crowded, in expectation of spectacle. Graham had half promised *tableau vivant* representing the Prisoner of Pentonville. Was to have entered in gaol clothes, clanking chain at heel, with bowl of skilly under left arm, and munching chunk of bread. Nothing of the kind. Put on his best clothes, and looked very fit. Much disappointment in Strangers' Gallery. Wanted to have their money returned. Gorst called up to explain that, in present state of finances of India, demand could not be entertained.

Firth and Causton, some of the earliest "fruit" of the famous Mitchelstown telegram that Goschen was asking about on Friday night, garnered amid loud cheers. Chaplin resumed Debate on Address, calling attention to Agricultural Depression in England, a welcome change from the twanging of Erin's everlasting harp.

Howard Vincent took opportunity of recommending Protection. But these he explained only preliminary remarks. Will at later stage submit the question in formal manner. Agitation on Treasury Bench; observing which, Howard Vincent good enough to say that he "did not intend to imperil existence of the present patriotic Government." Old Morality reassured. Goschen gratified.

After this, debate naturally lapsed into discussion on Indian financial affairs. Sir Richard Temple, meaning to make speech on this subject, strategically occupied earlier hours of sitting in gymnastic exercise on Bench behind Ministers. Proceedings peculiar. Closes his eyes and opens his mouth; drops his massive head backward till it seems as if it must break off; then pulls it up, stares wildly around, closes his eyes, opens his mouth, and so on *da capo*. Colonel Paget, who sits just behind, tells me he has practised a little manœuvre with his compressed opera-hat.

"Can at a moment's notice," he says, "use it as a charger on which to receive Temple's head, should it break off, as it is sure to do some night."

Tim Healy, who is with us for a few days, and has his legal mind filled with points bearing on the question of arrest within the precincts of the House, misunderstood the demonstration. Thought

the Knight of the Star of India was trying to go to sleep. TIM had placed on paper notice to ask Mr. SPEAKER whether he regarded this as a case of "a rest within the precincts of the House." Saw his error in time.

TEMPLE tells me that this phenomenon, which sometimes paralyses crowded House, is an exercise something of the *massage* kind, only much more efficacious. Wonderfully refreshing, he says, and wants R. N. FOWLER to try it. But, as FOWLER says, it's a matter of neck or nothing, and Nature has given the Alderman more nothing than neck. *Business done.*—More debate on Address.

Tuesday.—ARTHUR BALFOUR really in low spirits to-night. Keeps up appearances before the House. But in private intercourse with a congenial soul discloses despair. Tells me he never quite got over the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate's announcement of himself as a disciple, a convert to that great work entitled *A Defence of Philosophic Doubt*. Always thought pretty well of the book till then. Now views it with secret horror. Furtively buys up stray copies, and burns them at midnight. Heavier still the blow fallen upon him to-night. The Sage having hailed him as a Master, the Sage's colleague at Northampton now claims him as a disciple. By some fatality, as if he had not enough to contend with in Ireland, ARTHUR got himself entangled to-night in debate on condition of the Crofters. Delivered luminous speech, tracing the cause finally to over-population; whereupon BRADLAUGH gets up, recalls his own life-long crusade against over-population, rapturously welcomes his new and unexpected colleague, and holds out across floor of House a more or less "'orny 'and."

The Cameron Pibroch.

"It's too much, TOBY," said BALFOUR, in a weary voice, and placing his feet among the other ornaments on the chimney-piece in the Chief Secretary's private room. "LABBY gave me a sore stab with his approval of my pamphlet. But BRADLAUGH has given me a death-blow. I shall give up politics, retire from Parliament, and take to writing articles in *The Nineteenth Century*." Said what I could to cheer him, and hope he'll reconsider his determination. But is evidently hard hit.

House busy to-night discussing sad condition of Crofters. CAMERON moved an Amendment in a carefully-prepared speech, which told a melancholy story of hopeless destitution. It was this that led ARTHUR BALFOUR into the pitfall. It was all, he said, due to overpopulation, and the only remedy is emigration.

"Same policy in destitute Scotland as in distressed Ireland," says TIM HEALY, who hasn't left us yet. "'Register! Register! Register!' used to be a political shibboleth. Now it's 'Emigrate! Emigrate! Emigrate!'"

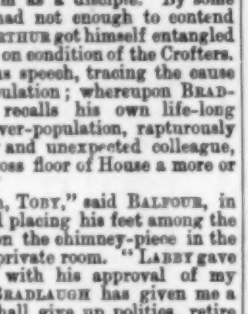
Business done.—Crofters' Amendment to Address rejected by 194 votes to 133.

Thursday.—In the Lords, STRATHEDEN-AND-CAMPBELL turns up quite fresh after long silence of Recess. It is, as usual, Europe that concerns him. Can't sleep o' nights thinking of Bulgaria. Suggests a Conference. Hints that now the Markiss is too much engaged in home affairs to undertake the duty, perhaps he (S.-AND-C.) might find time to attend Conference as British Commissioner. Usual thing, when STRATHEDEN-AND-CAMPBELL succeeds in rising, for Markiss to have special engagement elsewhere. To-night stayed on. Appeared to be listening. Thus encouraged S.-AND-C. enlarged upon subject. Brought in loose passages of speeches prepared any time since Berlin Conference. Tacked them together anyhow. Shovelled them out, and really enjoyed himself.

HERSCHELL standing at doorway watched Markiss with amazement.

"What *is* he up to?"

Up to the mark, that was quite certain when he rose, and to amazement of few Members present, and supreme satisfaction of S.-AND-C., gravely discussed the matter. Talked epigrammatically about Conferences and their probable results; flouted "what is called the Concert of Europe;" jibed at the Institutions of Bulgaria "working in a sort of way," and airily disposed of apprehensions of war about so small a matter.



"What *is* he up to?"

"What *is* he at?" HERSCHELL, having left his post of observation and dropped in on Front Bench, asked GRANVILLE.

"Don't you see the substantial CZAR standing behind the shadow of STRATHEDEN? CZAR promulgated this morning his views about Bulgaria, and the Markiss finds S.-AND-C. useful for once in his life. Talks to him and at the CZAR. Really very pretty."

"All very well, my Lord," said ROSEBERY to Markiss, when they met in the cloak-room. "But you'll have to suffer hereafter. You've wound up STRATHEDEN-AND-CAMPBELL, and you'll have him going every night for months to come."

"Just arrived!"

"That's true," said the Markiss, gloomily. "I wish we could get STRATHEDEN to pair with CAMPBELL for the rest of the Session."

In Commons that arch agitator, SHAW-LEFEVRE, tells of his hair-breadth 'scapes in Ireland; how he defied the Government; and how an Executive, backed by an innumerable force of mailèd men, quailed before his calm but searching glance, and furtively put some one else in prison. "Autobiographical," was ARTHUR BALFOUR'S sneering criticism on this latest contribution to debate on Irish affairs. Thereafter took his own turn for something over an hour in reply. To speak for less than an hour on Irish affairs has come to be a mark of mean-spiritedness. The other night GLADSTONE so angry with ARTHUR BALFOUR for speaking an hour and forty minutes that he took two hours and five minutes to rebuke him.

Business done.—Report of Address agreed to.

Friday, Midnight.—DONALD CURRIE just arrived from Cape, where, WILFRID LAWSON tells me, he has been engaged in missionary enterprise. "Glad I caught the boat," he said, in his breathless manner. "Wouldn't have missed this for anything."

Something, indeed, to see. Since House met at half-past four, it has achieved complete somersault, turned itself inside out, or done anything else that looks or sounds earthquaking. Under Conservative Government bloodless revolution brought about. Everything changed. Going to begin sittings where sometimes in old days left them off. SPEAKER to be put to bed at midnight, or one o'clock, at very latest.

THE JEUNE PREMIER.

Mr. Punch (Critic). "Bravo, Herbert! You gave your speech uncommonly well the other night. Didn't think you had it in you."

Young Mr. G. (playing under the name of Herbert). "Glad you were pleased with it; everybody seemed to like it. You see I can get a chance now and then, when the Governor's not on in the same scene."

"*Nunc dimittis!*" says JOSEPH GILLIS, dropping into French, as is his wont when deeply affected. "No more larks. No more All-night Sittings. No more nothing. House was getting so respectable, thought of applying for Chiltern Hundreds. Shall now ask for the Chiltern Thousands." *Business done.*—House determined to meet at Three in the Afternoon, and shut up at Midnight.

"MR. LABOUCHERE'S AMENDMENT."—We are glad of his amendment, and hope he will go on amending until he is perfectly well.

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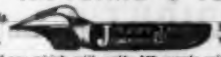

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